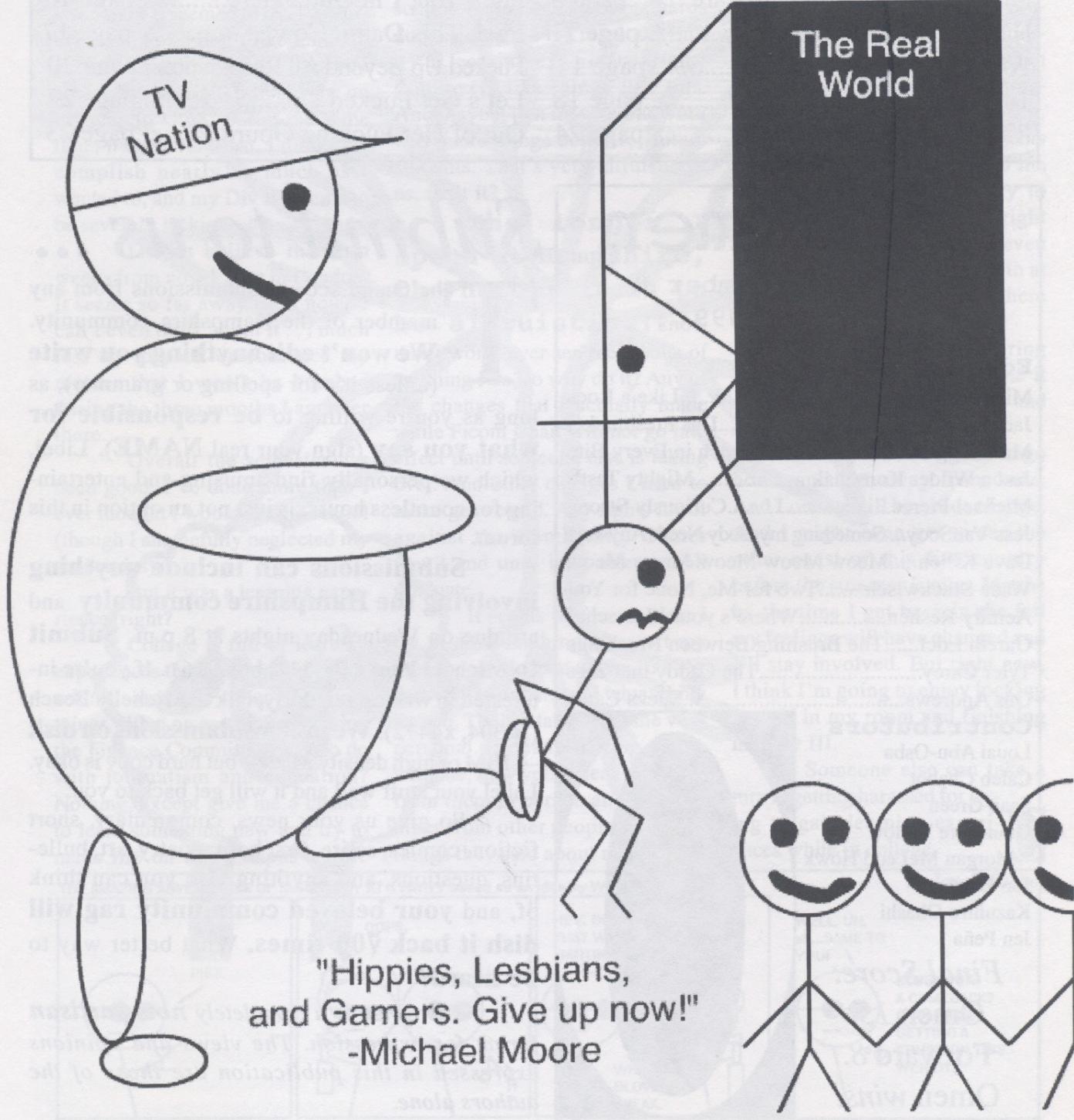


The Omen



Cover by Jon Land

C o n t e n t s

Fucking Old

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Fucking New

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The Omen

Volume 12, Number 8
May 13, 1999

Editors and Staff

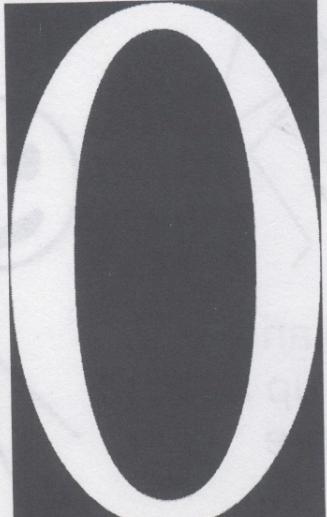
Michelle Beach.....	Like a Rock
Jacob Chabot.....	Das Freshmaker
Mark Hugo.....	Big Pickle Crunch in Every Bite
Jason Wilder Konschak.....	Mighty Tasty
Michael Pierce.....	Curiously Strong
Jess VanScoy....	Something my Body Needs Anyways
Dave Killen.....	Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow
Wade Stuckwisch.....	Two for Me, None for You
Aemily Reshen.....	Where's your Mustache?
Gareth Edel.....	The Brushing Between Brushings
Tyler Carey.....	The Caddy that Zigs
Gus Andrews.....	Sucks Caulk

Contributors

Louai Abu-Osba
Caleb Chabot
Sean Green
Guinevere Willow
Morgan McLeod Höwk
Jon Land
Kazuhiro Ohashi
Jen Peña

Final Score:

Omen 15,
Forward 8.
Omen wins!



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We won't edit anything you write (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to be responsible for what you say (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. Submit to Michael Pierce (G-112, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Michelle Beach (B-304, x4472). We prefer submissions on disk — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

by Michelle Beach

Well, it's been a long semester. I can't believe it's finally ending. This last part of it seemed to drag on forever, and I still don't like thinking about the fact that by the time you are reading this, I'll probably be on my way to Ohio. But at the same time, it went very fast. I didn't accomplish nearly as much as I wanted to, and my Div III seems to be severely lacking.

I can't believe that two weeks from now I'll be in London. It seems so far away right now. I can't even think about it... much less try to pack or convince my mother that I won't be bombed during the three months I am over there.

Overall the semester has been good. I've done more than I ever thought I would for the school (though I shamefully neglected my academics).

But it was a learning experience, right?

College is full of learning experiences that have nothing to do with classes and other academic things. What on earth does chairing the Finance Committee have to do with journalism and education? Nothing, except give me a chance to learn something new and try to make life on this campus a little

Altruism and Hatred

better for others.

It's amazing that college students have any motivation at all to work for the better of the school. Nothing we work towards do we get to see the result of. But, it's a learning experience, right? Employers like things like this. And maybe, just maybe, our work will make things better for future students. That's very altruistic of us, isn't it?

The longer I spend at Hampshire, the harder it is to be altruistic.

I know that I won't ever see the results of anything I do, so why do it? Any of the changes that I actually made while Ficom Chair will not go into effect until someone else is taking over. And other changes I tried to make got vetoed. Any fights for or against the Community Center won't end until long after we all graduate.

It seems that every time I try to do something or assert my beliefs, people hate me for it. They don't try to understand why I think as I do. Their attacks become very personal. Instead of trying to talk with me, they yell. I hear one thing from them in person and then another from other people repeating things they said about me. In pub-

lic I am verbally attacked, but in private they apologize. It doesn't mean much then, does it?

It's not fair. I never named names, singled anyone out or otherwise mistreated another individual. But there was a time when I wouldn't answer my phone because I was tired of arguing. People called, made appointments they didn't keep and stopped me every chance they got to try to convince me that they were right and I was wrong. They never even thought that maybe we are both at least partially right or that there was some middle ground.

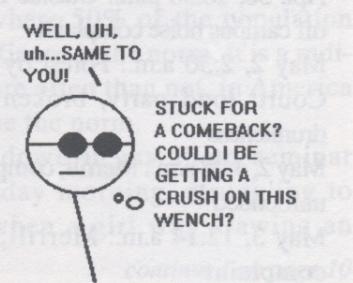
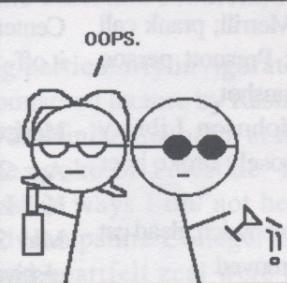
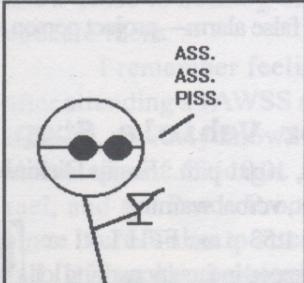
When I started ignoring them because I couldn't handle it anymore, they changed tactics and started harassing my friends.

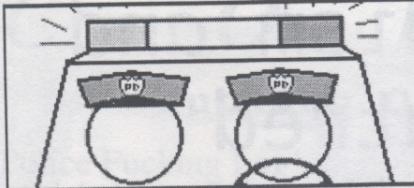
Well, it will be good to go home and get away from here. And London will be a nice change. And I might even get to see the other coast of this fine country before the summer is over. Maybe by the time I get back in the fall my feelings will have changed and I'll stay involved. But right now, I think I'm going to enjoy locking myself in my room and finishing my Div III.

Someone else can take a turn at getting harassed for trying to gain learning experiences while in college.

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AT A PARTY based on an idea by Wade Stuckwisch





POLICE LOG!

April 20 - May 3

The Omen would like to thank Derrick Elmes for giving us the Police Log each week.

Disturbance

- Apr. 21, 12:43 a.m.: Merrill; loud music—lowered
Apr. 23, 12:06 a.m.: Prescott; occupants throwing bottles—given warning
Apr. 23, 12:44 a.m.: Enfield; people shouting—unfounded—quiet
Apr. 23, 1:02 a.m.: Merrill; shouting—loud noise—negative contact
Apr. 24, 2:43 a.m.: Enfield; person chased from Enfield lot towards Greenwich—areas quiet
Apr. 24, 6:38 a.m.: Greenwich; noise complaint re apt 19
Apr. 24, 7:05 a.m.: Dakin; radio disturbing neighbor—turned radio off
Apr. 25, 1:00 a.m.: Prescott; illegal party
Apr. 25, 6:55 a.m.: Dakin; radio went off on timer—occupant gone for the weekend
Apr. 27, 8:30 p.m.: Merrill; disturbance on A-3
Apr. 28, 1:12 a.m.: FPH; noise complaint re band practice
Apr. 29, 10:15 p.m.: Dakin Lot; couple arguing—resolved
Apr. 30, 1:55 a.m.: Prescott; loud music—lowered
Apr. 30, 3:30 a.m.: Prescott Quad; people breaking glass
Apr. 30, 6:09 p.m.: Dining Commons; outside disturbance—verbal altercation
Apr. 30, 10:50 p.m.: Outside by Yurt; off campus noise complaint
May 2, 2:30 a.m.: Forest by Tennis Court; loud party, broken glass, drunkenness
May 2, 4:08 a.m.: Merrill; complaint—unfounded
May 3, 12:14 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint

Parking

- Apr. 28, 11:42 a.m.: Merrill/Dakin lot; removed boot from vehicle

Motor Vehicle Tow

- Apr. 21, 3:37 a.m.: Lemelson; access road vehicle towed from fire lane
Apr. 21, 4:34 a.m.: Prescott; vehicle towed from F/S lot
Apr. 25, 9:34 a.m.: Fabrication shop; vehicle towed from fire lane

Suspicious/Unwanted Person

- Apr. 23, 12:44 a.m.: FPH; group moving structure from Merrill exterior to FPH lawn
May 3, 4:20 p.m.: Merrill; non-community person in dorm—unable to locate

Special Services

- Apr. 21, 12:40 a.m.: Johnson Library Center; removed lock from locker
May 1, 12:05 p.m.: FPH; locked keys in car—opened with Slim Jim
May 2, 1:30 p.m.: Cooks Farm; vehicles removed from Farm Road

Other Offenses / Miscellaneous

- Apr. 20, 10:38 a.m.: Campus; person in vehicle throwing out trash—unable to locate
Apr. 21, 3:14 a.m.: Merrill; prank call
Apr. 24, 7:25 p.m.: Prescott person thought they heard gunshot
May 1, 1:43 a.m.: Johnson Library Center; person purposely broke beer bottle
May 3, 2:35 p.m.: Greenwich; dead cat in sub basement—removed

Larceny

- Apr. 25, 4:58 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; no larceny, left wallet on copy machine
Apr. 29, 10:45 a.m.: Johnson Library Center; keyboard and mouse reported stolen
May 2, 4:47 a.m.: Art Barn; stolen mountain bike

Fire Alarm

- Apr. 21, 1:45 a.m.: Merrill; pull station activated—malicious in nature
May 2, 4:37 p.m.: Greenwich; cooking smoke
May 3, 1:12 a.m.: Dakin; cigarette smoke on K-3

Fire/Safety Hazard

- Apr. 23, 11:07 a.m.: Enfield; toaster fire
Apr. 26, 8:05 a.m.: Arts Barn; fire exit door blocked
Apr. 27, 8:05 a.m.: Arts Barn; fire exit door blocked

Fire

- Apr. 26, 11:00 a.m.: Cole Science Center; smoking can—outside
Apr. 27, 11:00 a.m.: Cole Science Center; smoking can—outside

Intrusion Alarm

- Apr. 24, 2:45 p.m.: RCC; accidental
Apr. 24, 5:10 p.m.: RCC; accidental
May 1, 11:53 a.m.: Johnson Library Center; false alarm—project person set it off

Motor Vehicle Stop

- Apr. 28, 10:01 p.m.: Emily Dickinson Hall Lot; verbal warning
May 3, 1:53 p.m.: FPH Lot; excessive speed in faculty parking lot [redacted]

Reflections

by Louai Abu-Osba

Being a Palestinian, among many other things, in Amherst, MA, is an odd thing. I found it strange that people got such a kick out of saying my name, Louai.

"You know, like the song," I would say.

"Oh, yeah. It sort of rolls off your tongue. Loo-i. I like that."

However, the American version is mispronounced. Oddly enough, an even stranger series of vocal exchanges would take place after the telling of my name.

"So where are you from?"

"Palestine."

"Oh wow. That's pretty cool. Have you lived there your whole life?"

"Uhh, no. Not exactly . . ."

And the ensuing conversation would be a five minute lecture articulating an extremely abridged and concise history on the takeover and pillaging of Palestinian villages by Zionist forces (many members of which were victims of the Holocaust) in 1948, the refugee camps that instantaneously became a "home" to 950,000 displaced Palestinians, thus creating the State of Israel, and, if time permitted, the failed Middle East peace talks.

Coming to America, I was simply in shock of how little people knew of Palestine, yet how often I heard the word Israel. There were times when this shock bordered on disgust. As a result, I've become an active signer on the newly formed Committee on Arab Awareness (CAA) at Hampshire College. I figured that if the people surrounding me knew close to nothing of the Palestine Problem, I'd educate them.

I remember feeling particularly invigorated after attending a PAWSS sponsored lecture by Rashid Khalidi, a widely known Palestinian historian at the University of Chicago. He spoke of Palestine, Israel, and the Peace Process, in ways I did not hear since I left Jordan to attend Hampshire College, last fall. His spoken passion and heartfelt zeal were an

COMMENTARY



inspiration to me. I invested my newly found energy into the CAA and the events we were planning for the U.N.-declared Palestinian day of Solidarity on November 29th. Our events were successful.

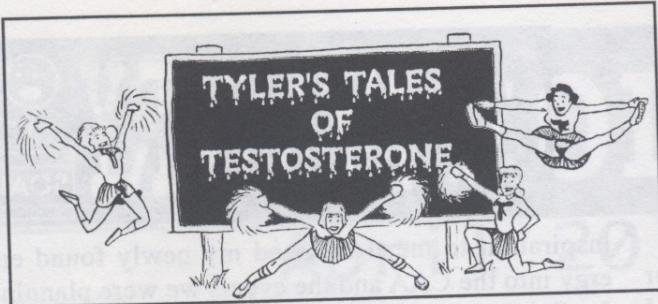
At a video screening we held for the Day of Solidarity, we showed *Yoon Ilak, Yoom Aleik* (a film documenting the woes of Palestinians whose lands were taken over in 1948) and had a discussion with one of the researchers, Nathan Krystal, afterwards. A comment during the discussion by a middle aged man, a Palestinian and father of one, stands clear in mind. When he saw Spielberg's *Schindler's List*, he cried. "I saw myself in that movie," he said. I found the event of that evening very rewarding and enriching. I felt so moved, I considered changing my concentration to Palestinian Studies and Theatre.

A few days later I called my sister in NYC for counsel. I told her what I was considering and she responded by bursting into tears. For the next twenty minutes **I listened to her talk about her struggle to assert her identity in a city where she was often met with outright hostility and outrage.** It is very tiring to constantly butt heads with ignoramuses that challenge the legitimacy of your nationality for ten years straight. She understood, and I was just beginning to understand, that I just engaged in a battle for my identity as a Palestinian, just as he had ten years earlier, as a freshman in art school. "Know your dates," she said.

You see, to many people, calling yourself Palestinian is like saying that you are Martian. An impossibility. A paradox. An anomaly. Simply preposterous. Or even worse, calling yourself Palestinian is defiance to the ideology that created the State of Israel. In Jordan, where 50% of the population are Palestinian, this defiance is the norm. It is a radical idea to me that, more often than not, in America the opposite tends to be the norm.

I was sitting down in my Plato seminar class, early one Monday morning, struggling to keep myself awake when a girl was drawing an

continued on page 10



by Tyler M. Carey

(Editor's Note: The following is an accurate transcription of Tyler Carey's final submission to the Omen, only slightly edited for readability. While he was unable to be reached for clarifications, or for that matter a final manuscript, his frequent conspirator Ernie Lamarr was able to provide us with a microcassette containing the final documentation of his sentiments towards Hampshire College. This is not pretty, not polished, and perhaps the last thing we will hear from this genius, never to grace our pages again. We do not even know where he is. The general description of his location from the tape suggests that he was in the suburbs of New York at the time of recording this rant. Confusingly enough, the postmark on the package to Ernie containing the tape read Toronto, Canada. We wish him well, if he is even still alive.)

The faking of a college . . . final words on a grim nightmare that I can't wake up from . . . let's see . . . The Pioneer Valley was a Whitman's Sampler of lunatics clinging to arbitrary movements. Throughout the streets of Northampton, you could see prophets, mystics, radicals, anarchists, punks, and plain losers all angry about War and Hate, but willing to persecute you, if you weren't particularly generous to their Sanka Can of Donations.

"The best nation is DOUGH-NATION!!!" cried one old bat to me once, as she held out her bony palm.

"You don't like America?" I bellowed. "Well, then, GET THE HELL OUT!" Christ, had Hampshire done this to me? Had a one time peacenik and wannabe Hippie just bellowed at an old lady collecting funds to stop a war in Madagascar?

My God, I'm glad that I'm out of there. Right now, I'm cruising along 440 North, towards the Outer-Bridge Crossing. My car is full of my life's only remaining possessions—a guitar, a trunk full of clothes, some paperbacks and a small stereo with a box of tapes. The tchotchkes, records and such were given to my brother, for safe keeping. Passing through New Brunswick, I spied

The Faking Of A College

a random hippie. "Hey," I bellowed out my car window, "You like the Grateful Dead?"

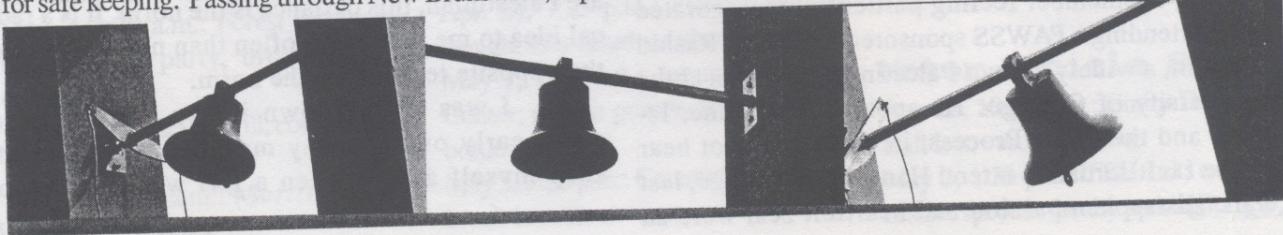
He looked at me hesitantly. "Yeeeah, man," he said, as he scratched at his dreadlocks and looked me up and down. I knew that the word 'narc' was going through his head.

"Here ya go," I said, handing him an old cardboard box full of bootlegs. I thought that he was going to drop a patchouli cake right in his corduroys. He started rummaging through his pockets, presumably for something to trade for the tapes, but I drove off before he could offer me whatever it was that he found in his crack.

I'm burning my bridges, I suppose after seeing the ending of my college days. All the PC-hippie crap got me nowhere. All it did was make me another spectator to the collapse of Hampshire College, and the failure to create any substance within our generation. **It was a small victory for us, I suppose, when the evil empire of Dr. Bob folded.** Of course, he took down Faiysal AliKhan on his way out.

Essentially, Faiysil has been kicked out, convicted, and defended after the fact on merely hearsay. We're in no place to defend him without any hard evidence of his innocence, but then again, we don't even know the charge, for sure . . . Not fair circumstances for either side in this typical Hampshire battle between students and the administration. I was actually surprised that there were not more people at the rally on Friday the 30th. But then again, even I left early. There was a sickening sensation in my stomach that so many kids had worked on the day's earlier protest about sanctions against Iraq, but that not many more had given a shit about a Middle Eastern victim in their own midst. Surely it was the same PC bullshit that convicted Faiysal without a trial that saved him.

continued on page 9



The Waffle King

Part Six: The End

by Michael "Benni" Pierce

In Part Five: Revenge, our hero, Brendan, was burned to death in the Yurt by the fellow student whose hand he had burned with a waffle iron. Susanna, witnessing this just after leaving the Yurt (when she warned Brendan that something like this could happen), stayed there as the firemen put the blaze out hoping they would find him alive. Instead, they found only one remaining item: a cloak. This was the same cloak he had killed an old man for only a week before.

"Susanna didn't understand why Brendan had coveted this cloak as much as he had when she had seen him last in the Yurt. It was old, smelly, and possessed an aura that made Susanna naturally hate it. The fireman who had handed it to her walked away to survey more of the wreckage, leaving her to her own thoughts.

"She studied the cloak. It was gray, and must have been fireproof to survive such a fire. **She remembered him wearing it, the way he seemed so gallant in it, but so awfully out of place as well.** Maybe that's how he felt at Hampshire while he was here, she thought.

"As her hands groped at the fabric, she noticed something in the cloak. She found the inner lining, and there was a hidden fold in it. She reached inside and produced a piece of burnt paper. She was surprised that the smoked pa-



FRACTURED FICTION

per would still be in one piece after the blaze, but she knew that the cloak must have protected it, just as the Yurt had protected Brendan.

"She carefully opened the sheet to find a poem. She read it to herself, whispering the words in the cold night air:

"Meaning is Being
A Poem for the One I Love

Created in the flesh
A female of mankind.
She's just like all the rest
Except that she is mine.

She came to me one night
(but not from foreign lands)
before the day's twilight
with waffles in her hands.

That night, she kissed my face,
Causing my cheek to blush.
My blood began to race
Because my heart received a rush.

Not born of any Gods,
Or superhuman beings,
She is greater than all that:
She brings my life meaning."

"And as the last words left her lips, Susanna began to weep. Although this poem was not top notch, or even middle notch, Susanna knew that it was written to her by a man now no longer living. This Anti-Petrarchan love poem had been waiting for her, and now, by a strange twist of fate, she was to still receive it, to remember what had happened here on this night.

"During the next year,

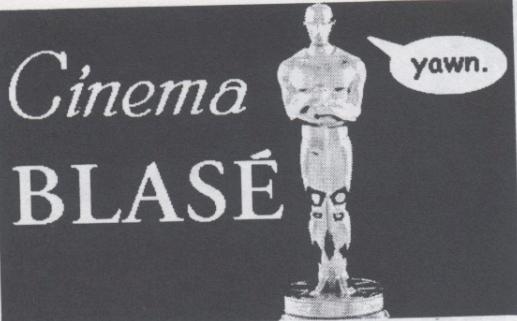
Susanna went about raising a new Anti-Petrarchan poetry society, but this time, based around building a new Yurt. Hampshire College actually supported the project (claiming it would renew community spirit), and gave the group all needed funds.

"As for the students who set the fire, they were all finally caught and expelled, except for the leader, who still walks the lonely streets of America today with a waffle iron scar upon his hand.

"And so, Susanna never forgot what had happened to Brendan, to the Waffle King. In the new Yurt, when it was completed, she would hang his picture, with a description of what happened. She had also planned to place the cloak in there. However, when she went to look for it, it had strangely disappeared from where she had left it. She knew that no one had stolen it, but rather, it had passed onto its next victim."

And so, my kiddies, the story of the Waffle King finally comes to an end. It seems as through Brendan not only had a crush on the Yurt, but the Yurt had a crush on him as well. However, all's well that ends with death and blood and love.

Just beware the next time that you enter the Yurt. If you ever get the strange scent of waffles combined with smoke, remember what happened there once, and never think for a second that it may never happen again. The O spirit still lives on.



by Wade Stuckwisch

Ahh, summertime and the livin' is hot, muggy, alergy-ridden, and mind-numbingly boring. At least Avail is on tour. Remember the summer after your last year of high school? Every weekend was somebody's graduation party or going away party. Everybody promised they would stay in touch, and you would all have a huge party at Christmas or New Year's Eve... Then you went through a year of college and lost track of all but a few of

Gwyneth Paltrow Makes My Heart Glow

them because you figured out that you didn't really care about them on more than a superficial level. Now, among those you've kept in touch with, half aren't coming home for the summer and the other half will have some shitty job and will never want to hang out. No doubt you yourself are probably exercising one of these two options this summer, so thank Christ for two-a-day reruns of *The Simpsons*.

There are basically three things to do with your friends over the summer: see movies, play golf, and drink. And since playing golf and drinking are really just one thing, I guess there are only two things to do over the summer. Have you ever wondered about this whole "let's go to a movie" thing? It's the absolute weirdest method of socializing in the world. You get in the car, you drive to the theater, then you both sit in the dark and stare at a screen for two hours. Where's the socializing? The bottom

line is: first thing this summer, buy a set of used golf clubs and head for the driving range. You'll thank me. You really will. Left arm straight, bend at the knees, follow through, and don't try to kill the ball. Don't forget.

Where is this all leading? Nowhere, of course! So I saw this movie *Shakespeare In Love* the other day. Here's the premise: there's this guy named Shakespeare and this chick named Lady What's-Her-Face. Oh, and there's a big ugly woman called Queen Elizabeth who walks through a mud puddle in the end. D'oh shit, there I go giving away the ending again. And Ben Affleck is in it, star of the best American movie of the decade, *Glory Daze*. **But screw all that, let's talk some Gwyneth Paltrow. Gwyneth Paltrow is not just some tall, skinny, good-looking blond. Gwyneth Paltrow is an actress.** Gwyneth Paltrow can act. Gwyneth Paltrow is really good in this movie. She and her character are immensely more interesting than that hyper-active prima donna Shakespeare if you ask me.



Heineken - Goes Down Smooth

Gwyneth Paltrow Makes My Part Grow

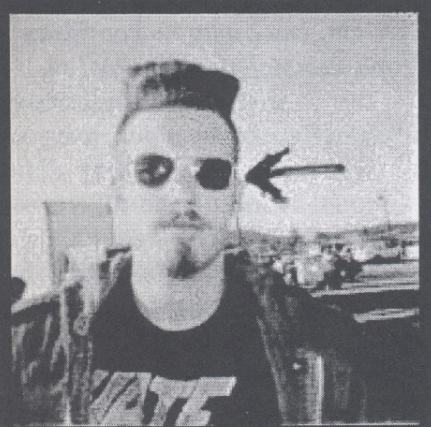
So yeah, it's a really good little romance, not quite a comedy, not quite a tragedy, but somewhere in between. I thank Tom Stoppard the screenwriter for that bit of brilliance. It might be a little Shakespearean for your taste, if you're not into Shakespeare. (Not like he isn't one of the greatest writers of the English language, you tasteless philistine!) So back to Gwyneth Paltrow. You know what hurts? Seeing Gwyneth Paltrow

have really passionate sex with a guy who's writing *Romeo and Juliet* as sexy talk on a warm spring night in a theater in Amherst with the other loneliest guy

on campus sitting two seats away from you hurts. I won't go into where it hurts but you can probably guess. It hurts almost as much as *Glory Daze* is a great Shakespeare in Love movie.



Gwyneth Paltrow in
Shakespeare in Love



Ben Affleck in Glory Daze

continued from page 6

Sad to say, though, but we are all participants in racial profiling, like it or not. We are a generation that largely came of age during the opening salvos of the Persian Gulf War. Iraq has been our nation's looming enemy since we were in Junior High. To add to the scuffle, Arabs have been blamed for the only international act of terrorism on our soil during our lifetimes, the World Trade Center bombing. All of these things combine in our heads to form the racial patterning that sociologists have defined—the illness of the multicultural times in which we live. Let's face it, if Faiysal were white, not Pakistani, would the rumored unsubstantiated threats of violence be taken as seriously?

What was done to Faiysal was wrong. It must have been very easy for

the Student Affairs office to OK the motion to have Faiysal removed from Hampshire, knowing full well that their figurehead leader, Dr. Bob, would be off in Tulsa by the time the final wave of turmoil hit. It's easy to point the finger at a man who's never there when you need him, and never coming back. For once a legitimate anti-Administration movement on campus has surfaced. We cannot pass it up.

Well, maybe I can. Hypocritical? Indeed. I've just given up hope. You all keep it up. I'm growing old and have to get out of this dump before I make any more attachments to it. The Season of the Witch is dawning at Hampshire, but I've got a different battle to fight, now - The Season of my Adulthood. A full moon lunar eclipse of madness heretofore avoided. Donovan and the Grateful

Dead can't help me through this one. I can't even ask Alice anymore, whether I should keep feeding my head. Charlie Manson isn't even in the mix at this point. He's locked up safe on his ABC-news-telecast prison bunk in California.

So now, as Hampshire ends, I'm not even looking over my shoulder. I'm bouncing along in my Dodge on Route 278 across Staten Island. My car has no shocks left, and will probably not receive a new set anytime too soon. I just blew the last of the cash in my pocket on a tank full of 93 octane gas. Blasting out, across the weekend, praying to find something to cling to, but not giving a damn about all that I leave behind. There are some bigger injustices and horrors in the world to approach and mock, with reckless abandon.

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Palestine Rocks!

continued from page 5

analogy to some abstract Platonic concept, now lost in the abyss of my memory, and the Kibbutz in Israel. My professor asked me what my reaction to her comment was because he saw me grimace. "It had nothing to do with Plato," I said, "I frown every time I hear the word Israel." The class laughed. What was most surprising about this seemingly small, funny, incident, is that my grimace was done on an involuntary basis. I was completely unaware of my actions!

I don't think of Israel a "country." Palestine is a "country." Israel is an ideology: Zionism, refugee camps, I.D.F. soldiers, subjugation, human rights abuse, encroaching settlements, bulldozed homes, Dar Al-Yasin, the Occupier and so on and so forth.

As I've been living in Amherst, I've found much to my disbelief that Israel is indeed a country. All prettily packaged in rainbow ribbons with its own "Independence" Day celebration. The Palestinians have a word for this event: Al-Nakba. With a slightly different connotation than Yon-

Ha-Atzmaut, Al-Nakba are the Arabic words for The Catastrophe. The Palestinian-Israeli conflict is a wealth of such dichotomies. For every Israeli settlement, a host of Palestinian homes are bulldozed to rubble; for every patch of desert the Israelis have made flower for agriculture, twenty bedouins will unknowingly drink its chemical by-product from a polluted river; for every wounded I.D.F. soldier, five Palestinians are shot dead. The list grows ever on.

An article in the April 22, 1999 issue of the *The Massachusetts Daily Collegian*, entitled, "Hillel Honors Israel's Birth Country Turns Fifty-One on Yom Ha-Atzmaut Holiday" by Chanel Dubofsky, a Collegian staff reporter, brought this celebratory event to my attention, and was also the catalyst for the writing of this article.

I walked into the Hampshire Dining Commons and said "Good morning" to Roberta, the cafeteria lady, as I handed her my ID card. As she handed it back to me I grabbed a copy of the *Collegian* and headed to get some food. I read over the article and when I came to the words, "Yagudin also pointed out the presence of soldiers on the streets of Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, attributing them with making the country feel safe," the

food in my mouth took on a more foul than usual taste.

An I.D.F. soldier, through the eyes of a Palestinian or any true humanitarian, is not associated with safety, but brutality, hostility, and oppression. Human rights abuse by the I.D.F. on Palestinians in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip is documented by the U.N., Amnesty International, and a host of other human rights organizations. The I.D.F., in its own right, can easily be considered to be a terroristic organization.

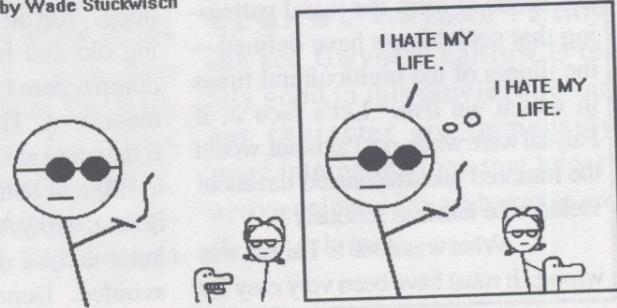
History is subjective and selective. Many sides, many stories, many faces, many distortions. None of the above have been heard with enough Palestinian voices in America. There are scholars of great magnitude like Edward Said and Walid Khalidi, the latter of which spoke with an eloquent brilliance at Hampshire on April 13. These academics have chronicled and lived through Palestinian history. They have great voices, but more people need to listen.

I will leave you with a quote a close friend of mine told me our graduating year of high school: "With nothing but stones in their hands, the Palestinians have made themselves **O**

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AT A PARTY based on an idea by Wade Stuckwisch



by Jacob Chabot



Random Submissions and Other Strangeness

by Gareth Edel

I have compiled here the rest of the letters that I have received. All right, the other letter that I received. I am also including here some Haikus that friends wrote. They are all credited to "Maybe-Minister," "She-Ra," and "Healthy." They know who they are.

Dear Ask the Evil Twin-

Evil Twin, can I have your love child?

-“Ani DiFranco”

Dear Ani-

I am sorry, but I have to regretfully decline your pleasant offer. I do not want to earn the anger of lots of your young fans. Second, I was under the impression that you were married. This came as a surprise to me. I had, until recently, thought that you were gay.

Although I must admit I admire your musical talent and admirable taste in body art, I am unfortunately waiting to have children with Celeste from Babar. I love that book.

- The Evil Twin

We are sitting all afternoon out on the Merrill quad. I like meat. Others here are vegetarian. Their loss, in my opinion. The following are the above mentioned Haiku are next. They are written in groups.

The first Haiku is by Healthy, about She-Ra. It was not to She-Ra's liking.

She is my neighbor,
She never had a TV
only on Sundays.



ASK THE EVIL TWIN
HEALTH AND COMMUNITY
AT HAMPSHIRE

Next up, their attempts at art:

The sun is shining,
the petals are falling down,
what am I to do.

She-Ra responded to Healthy's Haiku in our next absorbing and beautiful piece of writing:

Healthy says that sucks,
oh well, do I really care?

No I guess I don't

About our Maybe-Minister, I can say only he is a bad motherfucker.

**He lives on C1
He likes when
girls get on him,
Felix is a guy.**

Yeah, I don't understand it either. I guess he isn't bad ass, but I couldn't say anything that bad about him. He is my friend. The boy is a minister of the mail-order variety.

She is a feather,
I heard the guy in black say,
what is he thinking.

About Maybe-Minister's lap:

I won't sit on him,
he may say I'm healthy
that makes me feel bad.

Minister's comment:

The feather light ass
Provides no satisfaction
nothing pinchable

More from the minister:

Her Fly ass booty
Weighed upon me that day
'Twas healthy Booty.

And yet more from the minister, boy has problems:

I like big butts and
I cannot lie, you other
brothers can't deny.

When a girl with an
Itty bitty waist and a
round thing in your face.

You get sprung; gonna
come undone—baby got back
Uhh! Baby got back.

To wrap it up, Healthy and She-Ra said about me in a fanatically, unbelievable, positive manner :

Gareth is our friend
He is a nice guy,
He needs a nice girl.

**He lives on B4
He likes to sit on the bench,
Come and sit with him.**

And, last but not least, a word from the two ladies on the bench—and I don't mean lawyers. I think one day they will regret their part in an *Omen* publication, but for now:

In Conclusion:
Haikus are deadly
We don't agree on this line
NO MORE POETRY!!!

0

Sisyphus and the Bell

by Gus Andrews

For the past few years I've had this image of how my bellringing would go: I'd pick the stormiest night I could, with wind and rain everywhere, and go out alone around one in the morning, with nobody else around, no friends or anything. I didn't want to buy beer or champagne, which I wouldn't drink, and have everyone stand around awkwardly wondering how to sign off on our passing acquaintanceship while I swung at the bell cord and tried to look proud of the work I've done here. I just wanted to ring the bell and scream until I choked on the rain. It would be cathartic, I thought, a symbolic end to the depression, indecision, sense of futility, and struggle with oppressive disorganization which have plagued me since the admissions director stood up in front of all us F95s in the RCC and told us how many people named Matt there were in the class.

I wanted closure. I wanted to commit a deliberate act (the first of my Hampshire career!) to end it all.

Then I had my final meeting on Thursday, and it was just like any other meeting I've had this year. Not that I had any clear idea what it would be like; you never know what something's going to be like, at Hampshire, until you're right in the middle of it. It's not like my prep school, where you knew what the traditional rites and

celebrations of passage were going to be like before you went through them: you knew you'd find a bunch of grade-school kids getting dragged around by golden retrievers at the Pet Show; you knew that the senior girls would be a hedge of identical white dresses and bouquets on stage at graduation; and you knew the best senior actors would have starring roles in the musical. None of the actors would be professional quality, but they'd be a damn sight better than any other high school in the area, and certainly better than they had been in junior high.

Attending any Hampshire event, on the other hand, is like a box of chocolates: there's always that dread you'll end up picking the horrible fruitcake-flavored one. I know I came here to escape places where everyone was pressured to meet the same standards of excellence, but God, do I ever miss quality control.

Anyway, my final meeting was like my Div II final meeting, really; I hadn't expected that. Oddly enough, it left me with less of a sense of closure than my Div II wrap-up did. My committee talked about the problems they still had with my inability to distance myself from my characters, and suggested I think more about my target audience. We talked about where I might get the thing published, since I'm thinking about applying for a Threshold Grant. (Heard about those? They pay you to develop your Div III after graduation. Good stuff.)

Like everything else I've

done at Hampshire — the four NS Div Is I started and abandoned, the independent study in linguistics I never wrote up, the attempts to create some sort of useful news source on campus — Div III has been a neverending Sisyphean effort. Every time I get the rock to the top of the hill, it rolls back down again.

After years of beating myself up over everything I haven't finished, I am learning to accept this Hampshire life, life without milestones or any kind of conclusion. My dad says it gets like this through college and beyond: final evaluations are less a matter of Final Evaluation, of closure and judgement, than they are a recognition that you are doing good work, and will continue to do good work.

There's something I heard about John F. Kennedy which also seems applicable: JFK senior had JFK junior's college thesis (in history, I think) published as a book, and sent a copy to a professor friend for a review. The friend wrote back candidly, saying he thought publishing the thesis had been an act of sheer pride. There's a reason for college theses, the friend said: they're an opportunity for young people to practise being researchers, work on a big idea, and screw up without having to do so in public.

Then (I'm really pulling out all the cheesy anecdotes I

can, here) there is a Russian saying, *da smerty ne umryosh*, which feels like it applies here, I guess because my mother always used to say it to me when I would throw a fit over some high school task which seemed impossible. It means "until death one does not die." Or, as my friend Neil said once, This is not the last paper you will ever write. (This applies as much to Div Is and other lesser performances, of course, as it does to Div III.)

Anyway, instead of playing out my little bell-ringing drama, I did what we've all wanted to do—I charged the damn thing on impulse and yanked the cord as hard as I could. It was a way of taking some of the momentousness out of the event. Though it didn't bring any closure, it was still cathartic to grab that cord, and stand beneath the bell, looking up and watching it swing until I got dizzy.

Oh, who am I kidding. It's all over, and I'm in denial.

Here's what you need to know about Div III:

For the love of God please keep your Div III subject matter narrow and focus

quickly. It'll happen to you anyway—if you start out with over-inflated epic ideas, your committee will flay you until you shrink them. Take my advice: start small. You really only have four months or so to do research, and four or so to write. A Div III year isn't that long once you get into it.

Div III is a good time to move back to the dorms and take advantage of the last time someone will cook and clean for you.

Lord willing and the cricks don't rise, there will still be Div III doubles available in the near future; they're much easier to come by in the dorms than the mods, and are just as spacious. I've really enjoyed being immersed in the real life of the campus again, and being around so many more people than I was while living in Greenwich and Enfield.

Plus, if you live in Merrill, you get to Freduate. (At least, I hope you still Freduate. The ceremony may have been forgotten in the process of turn-

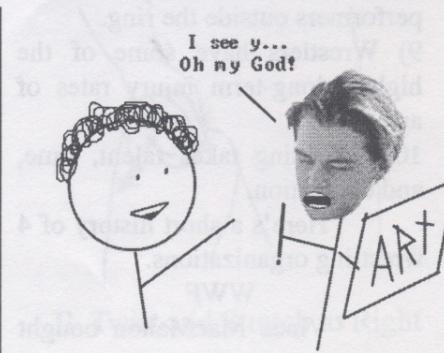
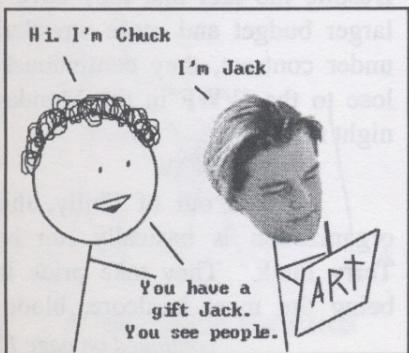
ing the former Merrill Director of Academic Life living room into the eye-scrapingly sterile area it is now.) Freduation is a ceremony in which Div III students walk under an arch of crossed pink plastic flamingos and receive a bottle of champagne. Then they talk about their Div IIIs to assembled non-Div III students.

Finally, if you live in the dorms, don't get a cat or dog even if you live in a double. This has less to do with Div III than it does with common sense. I learned this the hard way. Mod life with a seven-month-old kitten is OK. (There's no way, though, to keep from getting busted by the Pubs when they come through to do "fire inspections," and if you're a really loving pet owner you should not want to subject an animal to the idiocy of Public Safety. They've been known to leave pets out in the elements overnight, without food or water.) Sharing a dorm double with a seven-month-old kitten has left me frantically searching for the number of a competent exorcist. It's not doable, folks. Don't try it.

In closing: Non Satis Thbblthpt. O

CHUCK IS NAKED MEETS A PHYSICALLY PROPORTIONATE LEONARDO DICAPRIO

by Caleb Chabot



WHITE TRASH SATURDAY

by Kazuhiro Ohashi and Mark Hugo

The Road Warrior's Top 7 Favorite Wrestlers of All Time

- 1) Rowdy Roddy Piper
- 2) Mick Foley
- 3) Terry Funk
- 4) Superfly Snuka
- 5) Al Snow
- 6) Shamrock
- 7) Pete Gasse

Dr. Zu's Top 7 Favorite Wrestlers of All Time

- 1) Macho Man Randy Savage
- 2) The Rock
- 3) The Ultimate Warrior
- 4) Mick Foley
- 5) Jake "The Snake" Roberts
- 6) Bruce "The Beefcake" Barber
- 7) The Dudley Boys

So now you know where we're coming from. A long history of watching the greats. We started as 8-year-old, like many of you. I remember the first time I saw the Junkyard Dog take a chainsaw to the neck of his opponent and the blood poured forth. I looked over at my father, who didn't blink an eye. I said to myself, man, if I could only bleed in the ring, if only. Now I can. This is why we like wrestling and why you should too.

- 1) Wrestling is fun.
- 2) You can bleed and not be committed.
- 3) It's slightly homo-erotic.
- 4) It's a soap opera for men.
- 5) It's very White Trash.
- 6) You can secretly live out taboo fantasies.
- 7) You can beat the shit out of your friends.

Wrestling Today with Dr. Zu and the Road Warrior

8) When was the last time you put your head through a table?

9) What thoughts go through your mind when you get thrown 15 feet into a dumpster?

10) Am I gay? No, just a wrestler.

Let's dispel some of the myths of wrestling.

1) Wrestling is not fake, it's choreographing. It's one of the purest forms of improvisational theater.

2) Wrestling is no more dangerous than any other pro sport.

3) There is no wrestling off season.

4) Wrestlers do not make as much money as pro ball players (although they have larger fan bases).

5) Wrestlers aren't really insane. It's called a story line.

6) The majority of wrestlers no longer take steroids.

7) Wrestling does not promote or condone violence. How about some parenting? It promotes resolution of conflict through healthy violence.

8) Most wrestlers have advanced degrees or at least a high school education. Many are professional performers outside the ring.

9) Wrestlers have some of the highest long-term injury rates of any sport.

10) Wrestling takes talent, time, and dedication.

Here's a short history of 4 wrestling organizations.

WWF

Vince MacMahon bought

the WWF from his father and helped establish wrestling as a popular sport entertainment. The WWF is the most story-line-dependent of the federations. It is also the most high-profile, watched, marketed, and recognized name in wrestling today. Its popularity took off in the 80s and the show was marked by a cartoon style in order to attract a young viewing crowd. This is why most people who watch wrestling now, grew up with wrestling then. Many wrestlers come from other organizations to join the WWF in order to enjoy the benefits of a high-profile, high-profit career.

WCW

Ted Turner invested in the WCW in the 80s and changed its whole look. He bought out most of the old time 80's Wrestlers. Although Vince could not compete with his money, he has the ability to take no name Wrestlers and make them superstars. WCW prides itself on being a pure wrestling organization rather than spending time on story lines and theatrics. The matches are technically superior and more varied (ladder matches, etc.). They are based out of Atlanta. Despite the fact that they have a larger budget and more wrestlers under contract, they continuously lose to the WWF in the Monday night rating war.

ECW

Based out of Philly, this organization is basically run by Terry Funk. They take pride in being the most hardcore, blood-

continued on page 17

A Trip to the Mall

by Jessica "Jessica VanScoy" VanScoy

I went to the Holyoke Mall for the first time last week. We had a little trouble finding it because we're dumb, so I had to wait in line for 15 minutes behind a 300 lb. man (who drove a little red Suzuki motorcycle and had a tattoo that said "Fun Lovin'") at Dunkin Donuts, only to find the mall was "just over that hill."

We walked in to find the little-Lolita mid-schoolers doing their thing, as per usual. We stopped to get something to eat at McDonalds and the guy behind the counter was wearing this big gold chain and had those divits shaved into his eyebrow. I swear to God it was mutha fucking Vanilla Ice! He reminded me of this guy who did a Lip Sync duet with his sister to "Cocomo" in high school. Now that was a fucking riot. All I remember is every time the song said "Baby why don't we go down to Cocomo," they would rock their arms like they were holding a baby and then jump up and go down to hit the floor. Later that year the sister ended up getting in front of her history class and singing "I am Woman, Hear me Roar" for her final project. Needless to say, she was the type of person who posed with her cat for her senior pictures.

But I digress. We walked around a bit after that. We walked into Hot Topic, which was a mistake. I'm sorry, but this store has got to be the stupidest store in the world. I saw a key chain with a skeletal fetus in it. And a metal bra. Wow, whoever wears that must be sooo cool. (Or wears tassels on their breasts and NOTHING ELSE) Not to mention they were playing Motley Crue's Doctor Feelgood, which was pretty fucking funny.

And oh my God...you guys have got to go to the Dollar Store in this mall. They have fucking everything. Most of it is useless shit, but it's *cool* useless shit. **I found this bib that said "Yo Quiero a Mami." And a night light of a blue plastic Jesus holding a lamb. And Mickey Mouse spoons that are straws as well. And all for a dollar. INGENIOUS!**

After the dollar store, where I had spent all of my money, we meandered and ended up following this Chinese midget on a motor scooter.

He was so cute! He had these small little fingers that grasped his small little handlebars. We got into one of the prop cars and waited for him to come around again. Then I rolled down the window and asked him if he knew which way the Gap was. He didn't think it was funny, though.

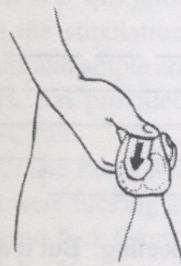
Just as we were about to leave, we saw this gang of boys come walking our way. We were just sitting there and they stopped about 100 feet in front of us. I saw this one boy come up to an old lady and put his arm around her. He started to whisper in her ear and his friends were laughing. I felt a little weird about it, but I kept watching. She started to walk away from him and all of a sudden he slaps her on the ass and said "Rock 'n' Roll, Grandma." I swear to fucking God. "Rock 'n' Roll, Grandma." Just like that. So if I ever slap you on the ass and say that in the future, now you know why.

Then my friend said something that made me laugh my ass off at the time, which is what I will end this article with. School's almost over, it's been real, but now it's time to "blow this popsicle stand." And in the words of a yearbook: "Have a nice summer. Stay cool. Don't ever change. Your friend 4-eva, Jess."

O

Jade Stalk and Scrotum Scretch: To Help Reduce Stress During Finals

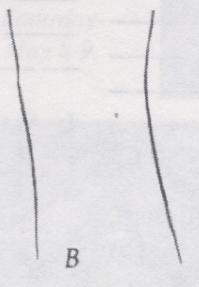
from Jessica VanScoy



A. Stretching Forwards



B. Twist and Stretch to Right



C. Twist and Stretch to Left

O

Your Own Fantasy Conversation with Jen Peña

by Jen Peña

After this semester I'll be leaving Hampshire for something better. Much better. So I wanted to leave you all with a little Jen in true DeGeneres Form. I'll miss some of you more than others.

Jen: Hi, there! How are you?

You: _____

J: Well, that's good to hear.

Y: _____?

J: Funny you should mention that. No, the Boston Pops hasn't offered me their conducting position yet, but it's still early.

Y: _____!

J: I don't think Keith Lockhart would appreciate you talking about him like that, OR your potty mouth.

Y: _____.

J: Hey, it's all right. Live and learn, that's my motto. Hey, you want to hear a joke I just learned?

Y: _____.

J: All right. A priest, a rabbi and a minister...

Y: _____.

J: Oh, you've heard that one. Well, how 'bout this one? A guy walks into a bar...

Y: _____ !

J: (laughs) Yeah, I guess that would hurt! Man, I can't top that, I'll just end the joke here. You are so clever!

Y: _____

J: Oh, you flatter me! I wouldn't say I'm THE funniest person that ever lived.

Y: _____.

J: No, I'm not.

Y: _____

J: Am not.

Y: _____!

J: Am not.

Y: _____!

J: All right, you win. Jennifer Peña is the funniest, most intelligent, AND talented person that ever lived, are you happy?

Y: _____?
____?

J: I've been well. You know how it goes. Practice, practice, practice.

Y: _____ ? _____ ?

J: Nope. Didn't talk to (insert wonderboy's name here) yet. Still chickenshit. Oh well, what'd you gonna do?

Y: _____ ! _____

J: What are you saying?! This bitch ain't no ho!

Y: _____

_____?

J: No I didn't. I was outside all day flying kites with hippies, so now I've got a wicked bad sun burn.

Y: _____

_____?

J: Yeah, it's peeling. But it doesn't hurt much.

Y: _____?

J: Yes, I wore sunscreen, but I'm such the honkey that I still burned like cheese in on a radiator!

Y: _____?

J: Yes, I do like ham and cheese.

Y: _____?

J: Uh huh.

Y: _____

J: Well, you might want to put some ointment on that.

Y: _____

J: Uh huh.

Y: _____

J: Well, listen, I'd better go. It was great talking to you. Keep in touch, all right?

Y: _____

J: Bye, (insert your name here). O

continued from page 14

filled, riot-induced wrestling ever to come out of South Philly. They are known for their house shows and small events. ECW has never enjoyed a regular spot on national television. Their shows can be seen on pay-per-view or late night television. They suffer from severe managerial problems. Most of their decent wrestlers go on to other organizations. Many of the greats have started in this organization (Terry Funk, Mick Foley, The Rock, the Big Bossman, and Stone Cold Steve Austin, to name a few).

WWC

Perhaps the greatest amateur professional wrestling organization to come out of the Five College area. Most groups do not put out the high quality and high profile entertainment that the WWC generates for the Hampshire Community. Contrary to critiques, the WWC was organized in the Fall of 1998. They had one community event that semester, bring the fanfare and entertainment of WWF's Wrestlemania III to the ASH auditorium for you, the wrestling fan. Due to the enormous response, a few of the participants decided to take their personas and ideas into the squared circle. After submitting one of the greatest Ficom applications the WWC was allocated a generous amount of funds with the stipulation that they would produce 3 live events and ample amount of broadcasted material. The WWC has provided this and much more to you, the WWC fan.

P. S. (The Road Warrior speaking) To those two guys who were fucking around in my room: the next time I see your fuck faces, you will bleed.

P. P. S. If you are interested in wrestling for the WWC please contact either Wade Stuckwisch or Kazuhiro Ohashi.

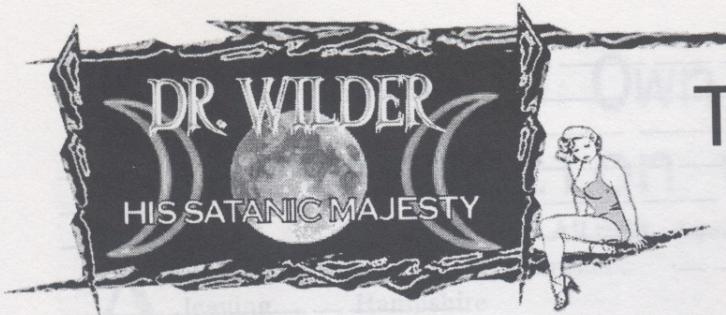
The Beef Patrol



Starting
Derrick Elmes
and Scott
Ingram

Photos by Carol
Lolis. Reprinted from
the Daily Hampshire
Gazette Saturday-
Sunday, May 8-9,
1999





The Jellyfish Doctor

by Jason Wilder Konschak

Far away, in a land where wishing still lead to something, there lived an Arabian King whose daughters were all honey-toasted, yoga-trim, sexpots. The youngest of the daughters, Csillia, was such a fox that, when she was only 12, a Rainbow grew jealous of her beauty, and set her house on fire. Luckily, she escaped the burning inferno by climbing down her own hair. Later that evening, the King's Secret Service caught the mad-dog Rainbow fleeing the scene. It was tortured, forced to divulge the secrets of nuclear fusion, and then beheaded with a copper-wire.

Having survived that, Csillia ripened early and ripened plump in the Spring of Puberty. She became perhaps the most stunning, squeeze-tempting princess ever to shake her tasseled-top. Indeed, even she delighted in her beauty, except when it made inanimate objects jealous, or when she was stalked by horny forest critters.

Now, the King's palace was on the Ruby Shores of Calhabim. So, when the summer days were especially hot, Csillia would put on her jeweled thong and sit topless by the sea on a pier that hung out over the rocky coast. To pass the time, she took a golden ball with her and tossed it around. This was her favorite game in the world, next to taking acid at a Pink Floyd concert.

It so happened that one day, she was tossing the ball, and it didn't fall into her little hand. Instead, a seagull pooped in her eye. Uncaught, the ball bounced on the pier and rolled off the edge. It dropped down into the waves below. There, the ball disappeared. Seeing this, the Princess was filled with despair, and

began to swear. Her swearing became louder and louder.

While she was cursing, she heard someone say to her: "What's the matter, toots?" She looked around to see where the voice came from. She finally saw a jellyfish. "What are you cussing about?" the Jellyfish gurgled.

"I dropped my ball into the ocean," she answered. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Be calm; don't curse. I can be of assistance," answered the Jellyfish. "But, if I fetch your toy for you, what will you give me in return?"

You may have whatever you want: my jewels, my thong, my crown, a pair of my underwear, which I sold on the Internet for \$45—

"No. I desire none of that. But if you will care for me, let me be your companion and playmate, let me sit with you at your little table, eat from your golden plate, snort your golden cocaine, swim in your Olympic-sized golden Jacuzzi, I will go straight down and fetch your toy."

"How you chatter, you silly squid—"

"I'm a jellyfish!!"

"You can't be friends with me. I'm on the land. You're in the sea."

"Oh—but if you proved your love for me—I would be able to live on the land forever."

"Does that mean kiss you?"

"Well, yes . . . and a bit more," answered the Jellyfish.

"What chu talkin bout, fish-

fish?"

"We're talking, I don't know. Maybe third base."

The Princess thought about it. She had gone further and gotten less in elementary school. But the jellyfish made matters a bit messier. Yet, she figured why not? Why not lie to the squid?

"Go get my ball, and I'll prove my love to you, squid."

"Jellyfish!!!"

But, nevertheless, as soon as he'd been given the promise, the brave jellyfish dropped beneath the waves and vanished for a long time. After a many long minutes, the princess forgot what she was waiting for, and went inside to watch Total Request Live on MTV. Thus, when the jellyfish resurfaced with the ball, it found her missing.

"Fuck!" shouted the squid. "Now I got to be resourceful!"

The jellyfish swam through the day and into the night, the golden ball heavy on its tentacles, until it came to a royal pipe spewing raw-sewage. Being a jellyfish named Skippy, Skippy didn't much mind swimming through human-waste, and so he crossed the first threshold with little trouble, and entered the Princess's lavatory unharmed. There, in the pipes, he waited for the right moment, so he would not alarm her.

At midnight, the clocks chimed 11 o'clock, and Csillia stepped into the lavish bathroom. She dropped her velvet robe, stepped up to the gigantic tub, started the water, pulled the scented curtains closed, and slipped into the sudsy water, letting the tub fill and fill and fill with warmth.

Then, Skippy plopped out of the spout, on her thigh, with a shout:

"Hi! Remember me? I'm the

fish made of Jelly!"

"Dear GOD!" Csillia cried.
"What are you doing here?"

"Getting what's mine! So,
here's your damn ball. Now give me my
damn loving!"

"Mad squid! Mad squid!"

"Shut up bitch!" Skippy cried,
slapping her with his tentacle. "Put out
or get out!"

"Oh! Yeah right! That's like
whipping me with a wet noodle!"

"Give me some sugar, baby!"
Skippy begged, latching onto Csillia's
chest.

"Rape! Rape! Guards! I'm be-
ing raped by a talking squid!"

"JELLYFISH!!!!"

Instantly, the guards stormed
in, and grabbed Skippy by his tentacles.
It took 23 guards, each holding one ten-
tacle, to pull Skippy away from the
lovely Csillia. Jellyfish make awfully
good suction-cups.

"Ha! Ha!" Csillia laughed.
"You'll regret stalking me, fish! There
is a penalty for wild animals that molest
the princess!"

"And you'll have one hell of a
jellyfish hicky on your boob tomorrow!"

"Off with his head!" the Prin-
cess gasped, horrified. "OFFWITH HIS
HEAD!"

"You got it boss," the guard
said.

Without emotion, the thug took
a pocketknife from his belt, and unfolded
the largest blade. He pressed the Jelly-
fish against the sink-top, and methodi-
cally sawed Skippy in half. Skippy didn't
scream even once as he perished. The
deed done, the guard picked up the two
halves, intending to flush them down the
toilet, when suddenly a little man jumped
out of the Jellyfish's slimy corpse!

"Not so fast, bozo!" cried the
little man. He was no more than the size
of a thumb, but he jumped like a flea, up
onto the guard's head. "Take this!" he
cried in his high-pitched voice. He then
double-fist punched the Neanderthal on
the bald-spot, and the big jerk fell down

and broke his crown, and the other
twenty-two went tumbling after, as the
little man kicked all their asses.

Princess Csillia watched in
awe as the little stranger made mince-
meat of her highly trained platoon of
eunuchs. When they all were left bleed-
ing in broken piles around her crescent-
shaped bathtub, the little man leapt onto
her bar of ivory soap and confronted her.

**"Who are you,
strange little
fairy?" she asked.**

"I'm not a fairy, and I'm not
little! And where I come from—they call
me Dr. Wilder!"

"What were you doing in that
squid!?"

"It was a jellyfish, you ditz! A
jellyfish that ate me alive, while I was
lost at sea, stuck in an empty bottle.
Luckily, before being digested, I was
able to climb up into the fish's simple
nervous system. There, using the elec-
tricity in the battery of my pen-light, I
was able to control the fish."

"But why are you so little?"

"Because of a curse was put
on me by an evil tribe. A curse that can
only be broken by kissing a virgin."

"I've got news for you, doc.
I'm not a virgin."

"And I've got news for you,
toots. I'm not just kissing you!"

"Ooh baby!" she giggled.
"You've got a way with words—unlike
that squid."

"Yeah – yeah – chop – chop.
Let's get to it. I'm tired of being small
enough to hide in a condom."

"In a what?"

"Forget it."

At that, Dr. Wilder took a deep
breath, held his nose tight, and confi-
dently dove down into the darkness of
the soapy bath water. He only got trapped
inside a bubble for a moment, before he
at last broke free, and came to the dark
entrance of

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and, having done that, he felt
that he was totally himself once again.

"Was it good for you, baby?"
he asked, leaning back against the edge
of the tub.

"Um ...well," Csillia consid-
ered, resting her head on her
handmaiden's bare back. "I think it
started out slow, and a bit too kinky for
my taste. But it got better at the end, with
the fireworks, and the laser-lights, and
the fairy godmother, and you getting
larger, and then my seven hand-maid-
ens joining in, and you killing my father
with a wash rag."

"Yeah. That was all quite splen-
did," the Doctor said, savoring the mo-
ment. "But I've got to go, babe." He then
abruptly climbed out of the bath and
started dressing in the King's bloody
robes.

"What? Shouldn't we get mar-
ried, and live happily-ever-after?"

"Honey—the Doctor's always
on call. He hasn't got time for all of that
hoity-toity crap, and if you want to be as
sane and well-adjusted as me, Dr. Wilder,
you'll forget all the ritzy-ditzy-shitzoo too.
Besides, you need to learn a lesson. So
I'm out of here. Catch you on the flip
side."

"A lesson? A lesson about
what?"

"About promises."

"What?! Are you telling me
that you would have slept with a jelly-
fish, just because it brought you back
your ball?"

"Baby—if I lost one of my
balls—I'd do anything for the chick who
brought it back."

Then Dr. Wilder slipped out the
window, and was gone from the king-
dom forever. But, Csillia's son, born only
9 months after the Doctor's mysterious
visit, ruled the land with a heartless iron
fist, and forced his people to conquer
many peace-loving nations, until he was
overthrown by starving peasants
and skinned alive with sea-shells.

THE END

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Controversy and Calamity

by Jen Howk, Chair, Community Council

The following is a brief overview of what has been going on with the Board of Trustees, Community Council, and the Student Activities Fee, and how it could impact you in the near future.

In spring of 1997, the Financial Committee of Community Council (Ficom) realized that it was not going to have enough revenue to meet the budgetary needs of student groups for the next year. After a lot of bitching and moaning and slapfights and hard feelings, the decision Council finally came to was to eliminate funding for some of its largest line-items: "academic" groups that included Theater Board, HIP, Bart's Arm, and the Sports Co-op, and guarantee certain identity groups their "minimum operational funding."

The obvious solution to this lack of revenue was to raise the Student Activities Fee (SAF). Council felt justified in doing this not only because it needed more money to fund student groups, but because it was everyone's understanding at the time that the SAF had last been raised some 14 years prior, and it was high time for an increase to compensate for inflation.

At some length, Ficom finally came to the magic number of \$58 as a proposed raise to the SAF and brought it to Council in the fall of 1997. Council passed it and sent it over to the Trustees, who approved it but decided to soften the financial blow by splitting it into two \$29 increases, to be implemented in F98 and F99, respectively.

About six months after passing it, Council realized that the increase was passed falsely. Everyone had thought the last raise had been in something like 1982, when it had actually been in 1994. Council and the Board had passed the raise based on the inflationary argument, not out of any kind of generosity toward Ficom or floundering stu-

dent groups.

When the Trustees found out the increase had been passed on false pretenses, they started informally discussing retracting the entire thing, or putting a large chunk of it in a student center piggybank. Ficom freaked out, since they had pushed this raise in the first place to breathe some life into underfunded student groups, not because of inflation, and showed to what they took to be the Board's satisfaction that without *some* kind of increase, funding for student groups, especially groups that require minimum operational funding, would be at risk.

The thing is, when Council proper found out the increase to the SAF was invalid, it immediately began having the same conversation. **Minutes from Council meetings at the time show that things like "we could put some of this money toward a student center" were being said and considered.** Without doubt, it was in this spirit that the referendum came about.

The first incarnation of the referendum was worded in such a way that the money for the endowment was going to be \$25 of the second \$29 increase. When that was brought to Council, a conversation ensued about the difficulties of funding such an endowment with the SAF. If you read minutes from that meeting, it's clear that on that fateful day, Council as a body made a very conscious decision for that money *to come out of TUITION, not the SAF*, and the referendum was reworded accordingly. Whether that was communicated appropriately to the Board of Trustees, however, and whether they would have accepted that, is a wholly separate argument. So is how the referendum was pre-

sented to students.

The Big Trouble is that nothing was ever official. The Board never said, "hi, Council, we got word that this increase is bunk, and we're going to retract it" or "we're going to cut it in half" or "we're going to give it to you because Mariott is feeding us especially well this year and we feel like it" and Council never said, "hi, Trustees, we need this money, don't take it" or "take it! put it in a community center endowment, because we have this referendum which mandates it!" No votes, no memos, nothing except scintillating hearsay and gossip and intention. If you read the minutes from the last Council meeting, where we were trying to sort all this out, discussion centered around *intentions*. It's like trying to eke out the criminal's state of mind at the time of the crime. At a Council meeting two weeks ago, Dean of Student Affairs Bob Sanborn kept talking about "the spirit of the motion." You can't quantify the "spirit" of much, and when it comes to Hampshire and its extremely short memory, it's downright dangerous.

While it can be argued that certain members of S98's Council knew the Trustees had redirected \$25 of the second increase, with no vote and no word Council as a body proceeded with the assumption that the entire increase was theirs to put toward student group funding.

So the shit-fan interaction really began when Ficom created a budget a few weeks ago that included some \$28,000 of this money that the Trustees thought was earmarked for a community center endowment, as per the referendum. Greg was heard to remark to students that passing such a budget would be "irresponsible."

To be fair to the Board, it makes sense. From their point of view, a budget that included endowment-bound revenue is Council having its cake and eat-

ing it, too. Since they never approved siphoning \$25 from tuition for this endowment, as far as the Board was concerned there was nowhere else the money could come from except the SAF. And that's exactly what the Board expected to happen, since it was the last thing that was in any way voted on or collectively decided.

On the other hand, exactly because nothing was officially communicated, Ficom expected the full \$58 as general revenue for student groups in Fall of 1999, and expected, too, an entirely separate line-item on the bill for a "Community Center Endowment fee."

Anyway, Ficom created a budget that included the questionable \$28,000, and brought it to Council. This put Council in a difficult position, because while passing that budget would clearly piss off the Trustees, the flip side is that without that money, student group allocations would take one hell of a hefty cut.

What kind of cut is a hefty cut, you ask? I will tell you. 24 percent, across the board, to student groups. Ficom was funding groups at an average of 70-80% of request anyway — another 24 is a pretty severe cut. While it's true that groups will always ask for more money than there is money to be had, it's important to keep in mind that groups asked for a whopping 42% more than they did last year — they're doing bigger and better things, and want the money for it. Ficom wants to dish it out; that's its job.

So it was with these concerns that, on April 27, Council passed this budget and accompanied it with a motion that says to the Trustees, in the nicest possible way, "fuck you. we're keeping this money for student groups. We're not going to put this in any community center endowment, or at least not until you add another fee to pay for it." And suddenly you have people that have devoted all four, five, six years of their Hampshire educations to getting a community center on line, and they're holy

hell pissed. They're looking for any recourse they can find. Judicial Council, the administration, whatever. And so you have this combative, unproductive dynamic with people infighting, without really looking at the bigger picture, without really considering what community means.

In response, Council called an emergency All Community Meeting to talk about it, and the consensus among the 40 or so people who actually showed up was to pay the endowment and make up some of the difference in rollover. **This particular solution would result in student groups taking a cut of about 7 percent instead of 24. There is, however, a catch.**

Rollover is money that comes back to the Council account if groups don't exhaust their budgets by the end of the semester. This year's is particularly large because an accounting snafu last fall made it look like we had much less money than we actually did —about a \$20,000 difference. *This is a very abnormal amount of rollover.* And while it's nice to have a surprise rainy day fund on this rainy day, that kind of money just isn't going to be around next year. And by setting a precedent of paying for the community center endowment from the SAF, we are just deferring the inevitable blow that student group budgets are going to have to take next spring.

Yes, Council has put forth various motions and arguments for additional fees — be they from tuition or the SAF. And if Ficom really does need this money to meet the needs of next year's Hampshire Hamburger Collectives, then Ficom can come to Council next fall with numbers and convince it that there needs to be another increase,

and we can take it back to the Board. But we cannot rely on that. The Trustees and the administration have expressed their very strong resistance to tack on any more fees, anywhere, for any reason, and have warned Council that relying on their doing so is short-sighted and unfair.

The *Omen* goes to press before the next Council meeting, which was May 11. The expected outcome of the meeting is an adoption of the All Community Meeting consensus, but something else entirely could still crop up.

My concerns about this whole thing are not about whether students want a community center. They almost certainly do. My concerns are about where they thought or think the money to pay for one is going to come from.

I worry that students wouldn't have passed that referendum if they knew their student groups would have to take a 24 percent cut in funding, and I don't see how we can justify spending such a large chunk of student money in a way that was never technically approved or recommended by the students. Hampshire has become more of a community than ever because groups are spending more money than ever, and I worry about sacrificing that for the sake of a long-term endowment.

But it's become clear that the Trustees are expecting us to pay for this community center from our own pocket, and if Council doesn't give in to that expectation we're damaging our credibility with the Trustees and the administration, and setting a questionable precedent in dishonoring a referendum.

No matter what happens here, somebody's going to get screwed. It's not Council's job to build buildings. If students want a student center, as the referendum clearly established, and they want it that badly, the college needs to honor that. But of course, that isn't how Hampshire works. Make your own way — create your own community — pay for it yourdamself. **O**

Whiskey Sour

by Sean Green

Every superior human being will instinctively aspire after a secret citadel where he is set free from the crowd, the many, the majority, where, as its exception, he may forget the rule of man."

-Friedrich Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil

In the wake of what was perhaps the greatest anti-establishment movement in modern American history, a new and radically different institution of higher learning was brought forth upon this earth. Hampshire College, born of the fiery clash between reactionary conservatism and progressive liberal ideals, arose on high as a shining beacon of anti-normative society. Then, things began to go sour.

Since its inception, Hampshire College has been in an ever-worsening state of freedom decline. A once-strong pride in Individual Responsibility has been infested with rancid parasites hell-bent on turning this once freewheeling academy into a sickly and degenerate Nanny-State in which Personal Freedoms (and the dangers inherent therein) are sacrificed on the black-horned altar of Safety.

Safety, of course, goes hand in hand with victimization and, like it or not, our culture has developed a big, throbbing hard-on for Victims. Everyone is a Victim: from that horrible old hag who sued McDonalds because she spilled boiling coffee all over her crotch, to that bastard who brought litigation down on the owners of a building in front of which he slipped. And what is the nigh-unanimous response of our glorious governmental agencies to this shitstorm of frivolous legal insanity? You guessed it: unconditional support in the form of Safety Legislation.

But enough screaming at the wall for now—allow me to get to the point. Hampshire, which has for decades

clung to its counter-culture status with no small amount of self-righteousness, is succumbing piecemeal to the incessant onslaught of mainstream society. Until only five short years ago this very school, in an outstanding, if still somewhat half-assed, display of Civil Disobedience, turned a blind eye to students smoking marijuana (a controlled substance currently considered Extremely Dangerous by the United States Federal Government) inside the school's cafeteria (yes, Saga).

"Holy Shit, dude did you know that?"

"I had no idea."

"Wonder why they don't let us do that anymore?"

"Yeah, I wonder how come I never even heard about it?"

A rabid python, safety-oriented and Federal Law friendly, is slowly winding its wicked way around our beloved school, and if nothing is done, it will begin to squeeze. Already I have noticed that Public Safety (a misnomer if ever I've heard one) has adopted a sort of neo-falangist stance when it comes to running under-age drinkers out of parties. If they are truly concerned with the health and well-being of at least one student (me) they will do something to dispel the ever-increasing feeling of queasy, writhing fear and disgust that wells in the pit of my stomach upon sight of nightstick-wielding men in uniform. Now, bear in mind that we do still have a pretty sunshine and tequila deal here at Hampshire, yet I have seen what over-protective regulations can do at large state schools, and it makes my every nerve twitch with terror. So why not ease the fuck up?

The first counter-argument is wretchedly obvious. "We cannot let students smoke pot wherever they please, and must attempt to squelch underage

drinking wherever we find it because to do otherwise would be Against the Law."

Bullshit.

True: The use, possession, transportation, or sale of Marijuana is illegal.

True: Ingestion of alcohol by persons under the age of 21 is illegal.

True: Hampshire College prides itself on flying in the face of convention.

Am I the only one who sees the connection?

What is a law if not the epitome of convention? A standard so deeply rooted in the collective psyche of the Majority and/or Ruling Class that any transgression must be swiftly, even violently punished. You can go on and on about "alternative communities" and "experimental societies," but until you actually prove that you've got the rocks to really and truly go against the norm, it's all just a bunch of armchair liberal claptrap. So why not rip our collective head out of our collective ass and actually stand up for a change?

And so the second counter-argument lurches dimly into view: "But drugs and alcohol are Dangerous."

Life is dangerous (in fact it's inevitably fatal). It is a painful reality to accept that no matter how closely protected one is, it will make precisely shit for difference in the end. I'm already too sick and frustrated to go on at length about the general insanity of Public Safety removing students from a social drinking situation in favor of the small-group binge, so let's just leave it at that. What I would like to say is that the next time you're drinking underage at a party and a Pub tells you to, and I quote: "GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW!", just look him in the eye, smile

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Purple Jell-O Shots

by Aemily Reshen

So while most of you little Hampsters were sitting in your wee dank, nasty, lice-infested rooms, wondering how you were going to finish all of your final papers—or for those of you stinkin' hippies out there, your final basket-weaving project—I was getting plastered for 14 hours straight. Yeah, that's right you little defective maggots, 14 hours. No, it wasn't Mark Hugo's family's annual alcohol binge, it was Cornell University's annual Slope Day. Think of it as the equivalent to our Trip or Treat, except that it consists of an entire university hanging out on a slope drinking, as opposed to an entire Camp running around naked and tripping. Oh yeah, and there weren't only white people (yeah, try imagining that you cracker bastards), in fact, Token Asian Goth Chick who accompanied me to the Marilyn Manson concert was there. (since she GOES THERE YAFREAKS!!!) When I asked Token Asian Goth Chick why Slope Day is so special, she slurred, "Slope day is the most school unity I ever see. Everyone just goes out and gets trashed together. It's pretty sweet." Also, she made me kiss some kid (on the forehead you sick puppies!!!) while I was drunk. She and Constantly-Bumping-Into-My-Breasts-Girl kissed him too. I am only telling you this information for filler.

Arggh—stop distracting me—anyway, so I started drinking at 12:00

P.M.. on Friday. I started out with some Kahlua (Mistake #1: Kahlua resembles dark rum if you are not paying attention—Coke and Kahlua is NOT a good combination) and then quickly, moved on to rum and Coke, and then some vodka and O.J.. One of the aspects that makes Slope Day so great is that you can't bring bottles on to the slope; therefore, students have to come up with other ways to carry their alcohol. **Of course, there were the token dorks who had those STUPID drinking hats on** (you know the kind—the ones that resemble construction hats, and they have holders for two cans of beer with straws leading down to the DORK's mouth). We opted for keeping our liquor in water bottles, as well as for making purple-flavored (yes, dammit, purple IS a flavor) Jell-O shots. Unfortunately after a few hours the Jell-O shots melted into a NASTY, thick, "gonna-make-you-puke," purple goop and started talking to us. It kept taunting us to drink it and just when we preparing to drink the poison that would make us empty the contents of our stomachs (oh, wait — we hadn't eaten anything) since we had run out of all our liquor, I was able to mooch a huge bottle of Snapple Pink Lemonade and vodka from some kid.

Eventually we ran out of that, and we were forced to head home.

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sweetly, and take another sip, but I fear that such a gesture might not be well-received. Humorlessness, I have noticed, is a salient feature of authoritarian running-dog types. Ohhh, perhaps that is a bit sensationalistic (not to mention melodramatic) but I am trying to keep in step with the body of this piece. It seems clear that the Pubs on this campus have been exhibiting an increased general aura of pride, awe-inspiring respectability, and scarcely veiled terror. They are becoming, in essence, more like cops.

Although during the conception and realization of

Luckily, Constantly-Bumping-Into-My-Breasts-Girl exclaimed, "Hey!! Why not go get some wine coolers? The best cure for a hangover is to never stop drinking." And these are now my words of wisdom for you Hampsters to take with you this summer. Start drinking as of right now and, dammit, don't stop until September. I don't want to hear any whining like, "But my liver gave out on me" or "The cops pulled me over and I had a B.A.C. (Blood Alcohol Level you cum-rag-licking-morons) of 4.5" or "I'd rather be smoking a blunt." Nay. Drink now. Stop and Die.

P.S. Can there be a P.S. in an article?? Regardless, I forgot to mention there were these scary Cornell students that had roasted a pig and then taken its head and stuck it on a pole and paraded it around the slope because . . . because, well, I can't really think of a reason why ANYONE would do that . . . well, unless they were at a Stinkin' (use REAL soap, not that Tom's of Maine Shit!) Hippie College and they wanted to piss off all the tree huggers.

P.P.S. Token Asian Goth Chick thinks that I should also mention that while most Cornell students are fiercely competitive, they are nothing compared to the psychotically violent campus police. This is in reference to the cops that beat some guy with a nightstick, practically right on top of me. Well, ok, I jumped out of the way in time, but my poor cigarettes didn't make it.

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this piece I have thus far clung tenaciously to consciousness in the face of overwhelming chemical intoxication, I fear that my resolve is at an end. In closing I would like to offer these words of prescriptive advice to the students of Hampshire College: there is very likely absolutely nothing you can do to change the fate of this institution. However, I have always been one for futile and childish displays of disobedience. Drunken riot anyone?

Specifically the University of Vermont and University of Rhode Island.

Unidentified Pub at a party on A-1.

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Rick and Sauk's FEMME FATALES

